

Current Comment

Ralph Ellis, Jr., scion of a wealthy Berkeley family, has been denied the use of not only his own automobile but of taxi cabs as well, for a period of 90 days. Judge Oliver Youngs so sentenced the young man who was charged with driving his car on the Berkeley ferry causeway at the rate of 75 miles an hour. Holding the lad too young for a jail sentence, and that a fine would not have been any punishment in view of his wealth, the astute judge hit upon the foregoing as a solution. He knows his stuff, that judge, for nothing quenches flaming youth quite so effectively as the loss of the burning one's transportation. In fact, so well do we think of Judge Youngs' sentence that we recommend it to the Santa Clara valley bench, and we suggest that the lack of wealth need not detract from the effectiveness of similar sentences.

Jewish leaders in San Francisco have protested the showing in the Civic auditorium of the Passion Play, contending that such a showing would tend to create racial feeling. We are inclined to believe that San Francisco Jews are overrating the production's potentialities as a strife producing vehicle, and believe rather that the vast majority of people who witness the Freiburg Passion Play will regard it in its true light—a marvelous bit of artistry, not conceived to promote ill feeling between the races.

Florida has, according to the daily press, again been attacked by a terrific hurricane. We venture to say that were we to have a slight "quake" her in California, Florida papers would carry headlines something like this: "California In Throes of Giant Earthquake; One Million Dead!"

A recent sojourn in Santa Cruz county led us to discover a new ordinance in effect over there. It is the law that requires motorists to come to a complete stop before proceeding onto railroad grade crossings. Its effectiveness of course will be measured by the rigidity with which it is enforced, and could well be copied by Santa Clara county. It would be very easy to impress upon the minds of autoists the importance of stopping at grade crossings, and this should be the procedure: For several weeks after the ordinance went into effect principal crossings should be under the observance of motorcycle officers who would arrest all who failed to stop. It would soon become known throughout motordom that the county meant business, and then the activities of the police could be transferred to the lesser, but still dangerous crossings.

Chairman Legge of the federal farm board was recently criticized by Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota, who said the farmers were losing faith in the board because of the manner in which the board had "tackled the agricultural relief problem." Legge asserted that the very nature of the commission made it advisable to proceed slowly, and added that in his opinion the farmers were not looking for charity. He also said that no one could make him mad by sending him home. We believe that the farm board should be given a decent chance to work out a program for the farmers. The farmers can afford to wait until a marketing scheme is evolved by the board — and it is our personal opinion that the farmers are not as badly off as they picture themselves. If you don't care for that statement, check up on the sales of new automobiles and radios in the middle west.

That's all.

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FITTING CEREMONY MARKS OPENING OF NEW SCOUT BLDG.

Campbell has again made a notable stride in the public welfare movement, Friday night, Sept. 27, marking a new day for the youth of the community with the dedication of the recently completed Scout-Camp Fire building and its presentation by the local Kiwanis club to the youngsters of Campbell and the territory adjacent to the village.

In answer to invitations mailed the first of last week, some 200 people were present to take part in the memorable event, the first of its kind in this part of the country.

The hall had been tastily decorated with group penants and with some beautiful paintings, the work of Kiwanian Frank Cutting.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell Young, an enthusiastic worker in Camp Fire circles, local and national, was unable to be present, but was represented by a huge bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums, which were placed before the chairman's table.

Scout Bugler Wilbur Morton sounded "assembly" as the opening of the program. R. H. Hyde, chairman of the finance and campaign committee presided as chairman of the evening, and in a few words extended a cordial welcome to all to this new community center.

With the high school orchestra, directed by A. A. Thielke, playing, all sang "America," which was followed by the dedicatory prayer by the Rev. J. H. Bennett of the Congregational church.

T. A. Cutting, past president of Kiwanis, told of the activities of the club in assisting both the Scouts and Camp Fire Girls secure this fine new headquarters building. The Camp Fire camp at Big Basin was more enjoyable for financial aid given by the Kiwanis, and the Boy Scouts were given some assistance at the beginning of the work here. H. C. Smith was instrumental in securing the support of the club in obtaining a quantity of gymnasium equipment which will be used to advantage in the new building. For a time, through the kindness of "Doc" Beall, the scouts drilled and worked out in the Beall building on Campbell avenue.

The climax of local scout history was reached when George Burrow caught the vision of what could be done for these groups, and the new building is the result of his foresight and untiring efforts toward that end. Months ago he presented his idea to the Kiwanis club and called for co-operation. He got it, to a man, and the ensuing co-partnership was sold to the many friends of youngsters throughout this region.

Following the bit of history the Kiwanians, led by Harold Morton, sang the favorite club songs and Kiwanian Royal "Babe" Page played two trumpet solos, accompanied by Dr. W. I. Merrill at the piano.

The high school orchestra played several enjoyable numbers.

Past President W. I. Merrill, speaking for President Wisconsin, in a few words presented the deed and keys to the building to W. H. Stray, chairman of the board of scout trustees. In accepting the gift for the youth of the community, Mr. Stray was mindful of the corresponding responsibility it imposed on the board, the other members being C. B. Field, G. E. Farley, Ed Genasci and W. I. Merrill.

Mrs. Louis Shelley, county Camp Fire executive, spoke on the girl program which is one of accomplishment. As this building was a vision come true, so was the plan for the girls, working out a definite plan of doing things. At the close of her talk, Mrs. Shelley was assisted in the Camp Fire dedication, that of lighting the "Wohelo" hearth fires. Betty Keesling, Betty Mumma and Sallie Davidson, dressed in ceremonial gowns, recited the ritual, closing with words especially written for the occasion by Mrs. Shelley.

A. M. Mortensen, regional scout director, was most complimentary

The Little Mind-Reader

By Albert T. Reid

"I know what you are thinking — I know just exactly, — that that hat looks just as good as new, and you think you'll put it away. That's what you do each year at this time, and in the spring you throw it away. If we had all the storage space it has taken we would have a couple of new rooms on our place!"



Missourians Visit The W. C. Grizzle Home

I. W. Howard and daughter, Ella Howard Nunan, and his brother, Thomas Howard, all of Garden City, Mo., called at the W. C. Grizzle home on Campbell avenue Wednesday and stayed over until Saturday morning. Mr. Howard spoke highly of California and especially of the Santa Clara valley.

Thomas Howard helped to survey the Southern Pacific over the Siskiyou mountains in southern Oregon to Bakersfield, Calif. He has gone to Oregon for a few days and will return to Campbell to complete his visit in a couple of weeks.

to the club and the community in its forward step in the interest of future citizens.

W. L. Bachrodt, also a scout enthusiast, spoke on the "youth movement" so much needed everywhere today, and complimented Campbell community for the vision exemplified in the new building.

Scoutmaster "Reverend Joe" Bennett told of his scout work here, and the excellent support he has enjoyed. He declared against any idea of militarism and his training is all for better citizenship. The cub scouts, organized in Campbell, are being molded into material for the regular scouts. The younger boy movement has now been accepted by the national organization and will doubtless be adopted in every part of the country.

Campbell and Cambrian Camp Fire girls, directed by Mrs. Frances Swane, Mrs. Jane McNeil and Miss Elsie Merrill served refreshments at the close of the program.

GRANGE CONFERS FIRST AND SECOND DEGREES ON FOUR

At a meeting of the Grange last Tuesday evening Ray Hartman of the Leonard Coates Nursery, San Jose, spoke on home planting and gardens and orchards. Leonard Willis, accompanied by Mrs. Willis, entertained with two vocal numbers.

S. N. Hedegard, worthy master, presided over the business meeting. Mrs. M. E. Purmort was appointed chairman of the committee to make arrangements for the harvest feast which will take place next Tuesday at 6:30 o'clock. Following the supper the regular meeting will be held and the third degree conferred upon a large class of candidates.

Last Tuesday Mrs. E. K. Clendenning, master of the degree team gave the obligation of the first and second degrees to Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cutting, Mrs. Frances Swane and H. C. Smith. Four candidates were absent and will take the first and second degrees next Monday afternoon to be ready for the third degree Tuesday evening.

Foreign English Class Started At Hi School

Classes for foreigners in citizenship and English opened Monday night at the local high school. These classes meet Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock, and will continue for the term.

Those who wish to enroll in the classes are urged to do so this week if possible. Neil Best and Mrs. Floy Morris are instructing these classes.

Mrs. William Barlett Home; Is Injured

Mr. and Mrs. William Barlett arrived home last week, having motored from the east.

Mrs. Barlett, after one of her thrilling aerial stunts, had the misfortune to fall, while walking on the ground, breaking a small bone in the knee. Unable to continue her act, all dates were cancelled and the local performers will remain here for part of the winter.

Punditas To Meet Wednesday, Oct. 2

The Pundita Circle will meet Oct. 2 at the home of Mrs. Wendell Thomas, 1932 The Alameda, San Jose, with Mrs. George Burrows presiding. Mrs. Laughlin of San Jose will talk on "Gardens" and a social hour will be enjoyed by the members. Miss Helah Laird and Mrs. R. Y. Maxon will assist the hostesses.

Several Families Enjoy Indoor Picnic Saturday

A group of families who have enjoyed similar occasions heretofore had a very pleasant indoor picnic Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Lena Rodeck and her daughter, Miss Mary Rodeck.

Present were Messrs. and Mesdames E. R. Kennedy and son, D. H. Cramer and sons, W. I. Merrill, Elwood Baugh, Merlin Bohnett, C. T. Fawcett, S. M. King, H. C. Smith Mrs. Ralph Cookson and daughter, Mrs. Hattie Baugh and granddaughter, Miss Carson, and Mrs. Ethel Davis.

Country Woman's Club Arranges Card Party

Thursday, Oct. 24, the Country Woman's club will hold a card party in the library hall. Reservations may be made with Mrs. R. H. Hyde or Mrs. E. R. Kennedy. A group of four may make up a "no host" table at fifty cents per person. A cordial invitation is extended to reserve one or more tables.

Mrs. W. W. Worden and son of Saratoga are visiting for a few days with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coupland.

Mrs. Wallace Morton has returned to her home in San Jose after spending several days at the Worthen Grattan home.

LOCAL SEA SCOUTS GET STUCK ON TRIP FROM MARE ISLAND

Saturday morning 15 Sea Scouts from Campbell and San Jose, with three officers and one mechanic, started for Mare Island navy yard to secure two boats which the naval department had given them, intending to tow them to their base at Alviso. The trip was made in a 30-foot combination sail and motor boat. It seemed that bad luck stalked them all the way up and all the way back.

On their way to the navy yard the boat shipped water and they ran aground near San Quentin. Three of the local boys did not accompany them all the way, Lloyd Brown, Willis Nothig and George Stubbe bringing Gene Grattan's car home.

On the return trip, when towing the two boats, they got stuck in the mud near the new bridge and were unable to get out until help came. Elwin Overshiner, Herbert Prior, Henry Ruthnick, Elmer Sundquist and Noel Voge, scouts, and Gene Grattan, skipper, were the Campbell delegation. Seven San Joseans and the mechanic stuck with the ship until all boats were safely moored at Alviso. The party arrived home Monday evening about 6 o'clock, having been on the bay since 7 o'clock Saturday morning.

The two new boats received from the naval department are in very good condition, even to the leather upholstery all around. Engines are to be installed by the scouts.

LOYALTY CRUSADE UNDER WAY AT CONGRE. CHURCH

The following officers have been appointed to lead in the Loyalty Crusade, nation wide, which will be observed by the local Congregational church starting Oct. 6: Rev. J. H. Bennett, president; T. A. Cutting, publicity; Mrs. J. H. Bennett, women's work; Walter Stray, men's work; H. C. Smith, choir; F. H. Cutting, Sunday school superintendent; Miss Dorothy Merriman, junior work; Miss Gladys Merriman, primary work; Miss Mary Fablinger, Sunday school work; Miss Hancie Naylor, intermediate Christian Endeavor work; Eugene Grattan, senior Christian Endeavor work, and H. V. Archibald, diaconate.

The Loyalty Crusade begins Sunday, Oct. 6, and will continue for several weeks. The church held a service preparatory to this crusade last Sunday.

Complete plans will not be announced until the close of the fellowship supper this Wednesday evening at which time the committees will report.

Ladies Auxiliary To Grange Will Stage Card Party Oct. 5

The ladies of the auxiliary to the Orchard City Grange are sponsoring a card party to be held in the community hall Saturday evening, Oct. 5, at 8 o'clock. The public is invited.

Mrs. S. N. Hedegard and Mrs. C. E. Buck are in charge of the arrangements.

Future Tennis Star



Miss Pat Brazier of London, 15 is considered the most promising young girl tennis player in Great Britain and is already being compared to Betty Nuthall, the tennis leader in England.

Sir Hubert Wilkins and His Bride



Sir Hubert Wilkins, noted arctic explorer, and one of the passengers on the Zeppelin flight around the world, with his bride of a few days, Suzanne Bennet, Australian actress, pictured at the 1929 national air races at Cleveland.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman who tells the story, leaves his mother and brother, Garry, to seek his fortune. At San Francisco, practically penniless, he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. The Prodigal is anxious to join the rush of gold seekers into Alaska, and Meldrum agrees to go with him after he (the Prodigal) comes back from a visit to his wealthy father in the East. Athol, in great need of befriending by Jim Hubbard ("Salvation Jim"). When the Prodigal returns, the three men join the stampede into the Frozen North. On the boat is a young girl, Berna, traveling with her grandfather and a hard-looking couple named Winklestein who figure as her uncle and aunt. She tells Athol she is journeying into Alaska to take care of her grandfather, who is obsessed with the idea of getting rich in Klondike. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost. Fearing for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead. Mrs. Winklestein refuses to allow Athol to see Berna. Later at Bennett's Berna asks Athol to marry her to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. Athol is unwilling to take such a decisive step and tells her she must wait. Some days later Berna tells Athol that Mrs. Winklestein plans to sell her to "Black Jack" Locasto, Athol still flinches from the idea of immediate marriage. Reaching the gold fields, they find the claims all taken. "Black Jack" lures Athol to a lonely spot and beats him into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Locasto's face grew fiendish in its sinister wrath; he shot forth a foul imprecation, and once more he hurled himself resistlessly on his foe. This time I thought my companion must go down, but not with a dexterity that seemed marvelous, he dodged, ducked and side-stepped; and once more Locasto's blows went wide and short. Not one of his sledgehammer smashes reached their mark, and the round closed without a blow having landed.

I was at the ringside. At the beginning I had been in an agony of fear for the Jam-wagon. But now I took heart and looked forward with less anxiety.

Time was called, and Locasto sprang up, seemingly quite refreshed by his rest. Once more he plunged after his man, but now I could see his rushes were more under control, his smashing blows better timed, his fierce jabs more shrewdly delivered. Again I began to quake for the Jam-wagon, but he showed a wonderful quickness in his footwork, darting in and out, his hands swinging at his sides, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"Who is he?" those at the ring-side began to whisper. Time and again it seemed as if he were cornered, but in a marvelous way he wormed himself free. I was all keyed up, on edge with excitement, eager for my man to strike, to show that he was not a mere ring tactics. But the Jam-wagon bided his time.

And so the round ended, and it was evident that the crowd was of the same opinion as myself. "Why don't he mix up a little?" asked one. "Give him time," said another.

Locasto came up for the third round looking sobered, subdued, grimly determined. Again he assumed the aggressive, gradually working the Jam-wagon into a corner.

Suddenly Locasto closed in. He swooped down on the Jam-wagon. He had him. He shortened his right arm for a jab like the crash of a plectrifier. The arm shot out, but once again the Jam-wagon was not there. He ducked quickly, and Locasto's great fist brushed his hair.

Then, like lightning, the two came to a clinch. Now, thought I, it's all off with the Jam-wagon. I saw Locasto's eyes dilate with ferocious joy. He had the other in his giant arms; he could crush him in a mighty hug, the hug of a grizzly, crush him like an eggshell. But, quick as the snap of a trap, the Jam-wagon had plonked his arms at the elbow, so that he was helpless. For a moment he held him, then, suddenly releasing his arms, he caught him round the body, shook him with a mighty side heave, gave him the cross-buttock, and, before he could strike a single blow, threw him in the air and dashed him to the ground.

"Time!" called the umpire. It was all done so quickly it was hard for the eye to follow. Locasto rose to his feet. He was shamed, angered beyond all expression. Heaving and panting, he lurched to his corner, and in his eyes there was a look that boded ill for his adversary.

Time again. With the lightness of a panther the Jam-wagon met Locasto, and now his intention seemed to be to draw his man on rather than to avoid him. He had resumed his serpentine movements, advancing and retreating with shadow-like quickness, feinting, side-stepping.

Then I saw the Jam-wagon edging up to Locasto. He feinted wildly, then, stepping in closely, he swung a right and left to Black Jack's face. A moment later he was six feet away, with a bitter smile on his lips.

With a fierce blow of rage Locasto charged him. He smashed his heavy right with all its might for the other's face, but, quick as the quiver of a bowstring, the Jam-

wagon side-stepped and the blow missed. Then the Jam-wagon shifted and brought his left, full weight, crash on Locasto's mouth.

At that fierce triumphant blow there was the first dazzling blood gleam, and the crowd screamed with excitement. In a wild whirlwind of fury Locasto hurled himself on the Jam-wagon, his arms going like windmills. Dodging, ducking, side-stepping, blocking, the Englishman felled the other at every turn, and, just before the round ended, drove his left into the pit of the big man's stomach, with a thwack that resounded throughout the building.

Once more time was called. The Jam-wagon was bleeding about the knuckles. Several of Locasto's teeth had been loosened, and he spat blood frequently. His face was sober now, strained, anxious, and he seemed to be waiting with menacing eyes to get in that vital smash that meant the end.

The Jam-wagon began to put more force into his arms. He drove in a short-arm left to the stomach, then brought his right up to the other's chin. Locasto swung a deadly knockout blow at the Jam-wagon, which just grazed his jaw, and the Jam-wagon retaliated with two lightning rights and a nervous left, all on the big man's face.

Then he sprang back, for he was excited now. In and out he wove. Once more he landed a hard left on Locasto's heaving stomach, and



With a Fierce Bellow of Rage Locasto Charged Him.

then, rushing in, he rained blow after blow on his antagonist. They came into a clinch, but this time the Jam-wagon broke away, giving the deadly kidney blow as they parted. When time was called both men were panting hard, bruised and covered with blood.

Round six. Locasto sprang into the center of the ring. His face was hideously disfigured. Only in that battered, blood-stained mask could I recognize the black eyes gleaming deadly hatred. Rushing for the Jam-wagon, he hurled him across the ring. Again charging, he overbore him to the floor, but failed to hold him.

Then in the Jam-wagon there awoke the ancient spirit of the Berserker. He cared no more for punishment. He was insensible to pain. He was the sea-pirate again, mad with the lust of battle. Like a fiend he tore himself loose, and went after his man, rushing him with a swift, battering hail of blows around the ring.

Now they were in a furious mix-up, and suddenly Locasto, seizing him savagely, tried to whip him smashing to the floor. Then the wonderful agility of the Englishman was displayed. In a distance of less than a two-foot drop he turned completely like a cat. Leaping up, he was free, and, getting a waisthold with a Cornish heave, he bore Locasto to the floor. Quickly he changed to a crotch-lock, and, lastly, holding Locasto's legs, he brought him to a bridge and worked his weight up on his body.

Black Jack, with a mighty heave, broke away and again regained his feet. This seemed to enrage the Jam-wagon the more, for he tore after his man like a maddened bull. Getting a hold with incredible strength, he lifted him straight up in the air and hurled him to the ground with sickening force.

Locasto lay there. His eyes were closed. He did not move. Several men rushed forward. "He's all right," said a medical looking individual; "just stunned. I guess you can call the fight over."

The Jam-wagon slowly put on his clothes. He was badly bruised about the body, but not seriously hurt in any way. Shudderingly I looked down at Locasto's face, beaten to a pulp, his body livid from head to foot. And then, as they bore him off to the hospital, I realized I was revenged.

CHAPTER VII

"LET me introduce you," said the Prodigal, "to my friend the 'Pote'."

"Glad to meet you," said the Pote cheerfully, extending a damp hand. "Just been having a dish-washing. He finished his dish-washing and joined us, pulling on an old Tuxedo jacket."

"Whew! Glad that job's over. And now, having immaculated myself on the altar of cleanliness, I

will sojourn my soul with a little music."

He took down a banjo from the wall, and, striking a few chords, began to sing. His songs seemed to be original, even improvisations, and he sang them with a certain quaintness and point that made them very piquant.

There came a knock at the door, and a young man entered. He had a broad, smiling face and a bulgy forehead. The Pote introduced him to me.

"The Yukon Yorick," "Hello," chuckled the newcomer, "how's the bunch? Don't let me stampede you. How d'ye do, Horace! Glad to meet you." (He called everybody Horace.) "Just come away from a meeting of my creditors."

He seemed brimming over with jovial acceptance of life in all its phases. Several men dropped in to swell the bohemian circle. Some had brought bottles. The little cabin was crowded, the air hazy with smoke, the conversation animated.

The Pote had the floor. "A friend of mine had a beautiful pond of water lilies. They painted the water exultantly and were a triumphant challenge to the soul. Folks came from far and near to see them. Then, one winter, my friend thought he would clean out the pond, so he had all the nasty, slimy mud scraped away till you could see the silver gravel glistening on the bottom. But the lilies, with all their haunting loveliness, never came back."

"What are you driving at, you old dreamer?" "Oh, just this: In the nasty mud and slime of Dawson I saw a lily girl. She lives in a cabin by the Slide along with a Jewish couple. I only caught a glimpse of her twice. They are unspeakable, but she is fair and sweet and pure. I would stake my life on her goodness. She looks like a young Madonna—"

"In the cabin by the Slide?" I asked. He started, looked at me searchingly. "You know her?"

"She means a good deal to me." "Oh, I understand. Yes, that long, queer cabin highest up on the hill."

"Thanks, old chap."

"All right, good luck."

Very softly I approached the cabin, for fear of encountering her guardian was in my heart. Carefully I reconnoitered, and soon, to my infinite joy, I saw the Jewish couple come forth and make their way toward the Slide. The girl was alone.

How madly beat my heart. It was a gloomy kind of night, and the cabin looked woefully bleak and solitary. No light came through the moss-chinked walls. I drew near.

I knocked at the door. No answer. "Berna," I cried in a faltering whisper.

Came the reply: "Who is there?" "Love, love, dear; love is waiting."

Then, at my words, the door was opened, and the girl was before me. She stood gazing at me, a little flustered, and went up to her heart as if to still its beating.

"Oh, my dear, I knew you were coming. Something told me you would come at last. And I've waited—how I've waited! I've dreamed, but it's not a dream now. Is it, dear; it's you?"

"Yes, it's me. I've tried so hard to find you. Oh, my dear, my dear!"

I seized the sweet, soft hand and covered it with kisses. I loved her so, I loved her so!

"High and low I've sought you, beloved. Thank God I've found you, dear! Thank God! Thank God!"

"Oh, it's you, really, really you at last," she cried again, and there was a tremor, the surface ripple of a sob in that clear voice. She fetched a deep sigh: "And I thought I'd lost you forever. Wait a moment. I'll come out."

Endlessly long the moment seemed, yet wondrously irradiate. Then, last, she came. She had thrown a shawl around her shoulders, and coaxed her hair into charming waves and ripples.

"Come, let us go up the trail a little distance. They won't be back for nearly an hour."

When we had seated ourselves on the hillside, she turned to me.

"And so you found me, dear. I knew you would, somehow. In my heart I knew you would not fail me. So I waited, and waited. It was cruel to say good-by, but I could not help myself. They dragged me away. They began to be afraid of you, and he bade them leave at once."

"I see, I see." I looked into the pools of her eyes; I sheathed her white hands in my own brown ones, thrilling greatly at the contact of them.

"Tell me about it, child. Has he bothered you?"

"Oh, not so much. He thinks he has me safe enough, trapped, awaiting his pleasure. But he's taken up with some woman of the town just now. By-and-by he'll turn his attention to me."

"But, Berna, surely nothing in this world would ever make you yield? Oh, it's horrible!"

She leaned to me tenderly. She put my arms around her neck; she looked at me till I saw my face mirrored in her eyes.

"Believe me and trust me. I would rather throw myself from the bluff here than let him put a hand on me. And so long as I

have your love, dear, I'm safe enough. Don't fear. Oh, it's been terrible not seeing you! I've craved for you ceaselessly. I've never been out since we came here. They wouldn't let me. They kept in themselves. He bade them. But now, for some reason, he has relaxed. They're going to open a restaurant downtown, and I'm to wait on table."

"No, you're not!" I cried. "Berna, I can't bear to think of you in that garbage-heap of corruption down there. You must marry me—now."

"Now," she echoed, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes, right away, dear. There's nothing to prevent us, Berna. I love you. I want you, I need you. I can't bear it, dearest; have pity on me; marry me now. I want you now. I can't wait."

She looked at me gravely. Her voice was very soft, very tender. "I think it better we should wait, dear. This is a blind, sudden desire on your part. I mustn't take advantage of it. You pity me, fear for me, and you have known so few other girls. I'm not worth it, indeed I'm not. I'm only a poor ignorant girl. If there were others near, you would never think of me."

"Berna," I said, "if you were among a thousand, and they were the most adorable in all the world, I would pass over them all and turn with joy and gratitude to you."

"No, no," she said sadly, "you were wise once. I saw it afterwards. Better wait one year."

She went on very quietly, full of gentle patience.

"You know, I've been thinking a great deal since then. In the long, long days and longer nights, when I waited here in misery, hoping always you would come to me, I had time to reflect, to weigh your words. This is June. Next June, if you have not made up your mind you were foolish, blind, hasty, I will give myself to you with all the love in the world."

"Perhaps you will change."

She smiled a peculiar little smile.

"Never, never fear that. I will be waiting for you, longing for you, loving you more and more every day. Let us wait, boy, just a year."

I saw the pathetic wisdom of her words.

"I know you fear something will happen to me. No! I think I will be quite safe. I can withstand him. And if it should come to the worst I can call on you. You mustn't go too far away. I will die rather than let him lay a hand on me. Till next June, dear, not a day longer. We will be the better for the wait."

I bowed my head. "Very well," I said huskily; "and what will I do in the meantime?"

"Do! Do what you would have done otherwise. Work! It will make it easier for me. Here we will both torture each other. I, too, will work and live quietly, and long for you. You will come and see me sometimes."

"Yes," I answered. My voice choked with emotion.

"Now we must go home," she said; "I'm afraid they will be back."

She rose, and I followed her down the narrow trail.

We reached the cabin, and on the threshold she paused. The others had not yet returned. She held out both hands to me, and her eyes were glittering with tears.

"Be brave, my dearest; it's all for my sake—if you love me."

"I love you, my darling; anything for your sake. I'll go tomorrow."

"We're betrothed, my love."

She swayed to me and seemed to fit into my arms as a sword fits into its sheath. My lips lay on hers, and I kissed her with a passionate joy.

"I love you, I love you," she murmured; "next June, my darling, next June."

Then she gently slipped away from me, and I was gazing blankly at the closed door.

"Next June," I heard a voice echo; and there, looking at me with a smile, was Locasto.

Hate was far from my heart, and when I saw the man himself regarding me with no particular unfriendliness, I was disposed to put aside for the moment all feelings of enmity. The generosity of the victor glowed within me.

As he advanced to me his manner was almost urbane in its geniality.

"You must forgive me," he said, not without dignity, "for overhearing you; but by chance I was passing and dropped upon you before I realized it."

He extended his hand frankly. "I trust my congratulations on your good luck will not be entirely obnoxious. I know that my conduct in this affair cannot have impressed you in a very favorable light; but I am a badly beaten man. Can't you be generous and let bygones be bygones? Won't you?"

I had not yet come down to earth. I was still soaring in the rarefied heights of love, and inclined to a general amnesty toward my enemies.

As he stood there, quiet and compelling, there was an assumption of frankness and honesty about this man that it was hard to withstand. For the nonce I was persuaded of his sincerity, and weakly surrendered my hand. His grip made me wince.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In Children's Room

Tack a piece of denim in your little girl's or boy's room. On this they may pin drawings made in school that all children are so proud of.

HER LOT



Old Aunt—You've been married for six months; are you contented with your lot?

Young Wife—Oh, perfectly, auntie—we're going to build on it this spring.

WHAT STOPPED HIM?



She—Don't you dare kiss me—or I'll slap your face.
He—Don't think it's fear that stops me.

GIRL SHOULD KNOW



She—I saw a book agent telling what a girl should know before marriage. What is it, do you suppose?
He—Maybe it's a cook book.

MIGHT CUT 'EM OUT



Wife—I think I'll cut my dresses up a little further.
Hubby (disgustedly)—Why don't you cut 'em out entirely and pose as another Eve?

BEST PETTER



"You say she's your best girl?"
"No. Necks best."

PUZZLED



Hen—I wish I knew whether it would be a boy or girl before I go to the trouble to hatch it!



NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's Bayer Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Bayer Aspirin for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.

ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacocinacid of Salicylicacid

C'est Ça?

Peggy—Going abroad?
Polly—Yes, I think I need a new French phrase.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Dryden.

A woman is apt to envy a parrot if it can talk faster than she can.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweeter. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS
Milk
of Magnesia

Lures

Mrs. Bones—How do you propose to get your husband away from the city?
Mrs. Jones—Oh, I've sent for some seed catalogues and a booklet on fox-farming.

Extreme of Boldness

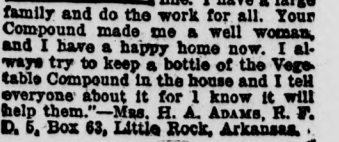
"She certainly is a bold thing."
"Terribly. She even high-hats her milliner."

An ache never scares a boy unless it is a stomach ache.

WOMAN SICK THREE YEARS

Helped By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Little Rock, Ark.—"I was sick for three years after my last baby came. I could hardly walk and could not eat nor sleep as I should because I was so nervous. I took seven bottles of the Vegetable Compound and used that number of bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash and I am feeling just fine. I have a large family and do the work for all. Your Compound made me a well woman, and I have a happy home now. I always try to keep a bottle of the Vegetable Compound in the house and I tell everyone about it for I know it will help them."—Mrs. H. A. Adams, R. F. D. 5, Box 63, Little Rock, Arkansas.



A Four-Cornered Love Affair

The Weekly Short Story—By DUFORD JENNE

"NOW, look here, little girl, you have been my secretary too long to fool me," Mr. Cummings said gently. "You have something very much on your mind or your heart, Ellen. You better let me help you. Confession is good for the soul, you know."

"It's my heart, I guess, Mr. Cummings," she said bravely, and then the story came—added by his gentle questioning. The story of the love between her and Ted Hamlin, of their happiness together, their planning for a home together because he, like her, was fatherless and motherless; and then the trouble—the wedding date put off by Ted three times, the quarrel, and then—

Mr. Cummings was drumming on the table. He was looking out of the great window of his office, and he seemed to be dreaming. The hum of the factories around them came into the office, but his voice as he spoke a bit wistfully made the room seem quiet to Ellen.

"Probably one of the most beautiful things in the world is absolute trust between a man and a woman," he mused in his gentle way. "I'm a bachelor, as you know, but—well, let me tell you a story."

So the letters waited and the factories hummed on, while Mr. Cummings, hesitating at times, dreamed over the days of his youth and the girl he had loved.

Mr. Cummings came to with a start. He turned to her. "So you see, Ellen, a little more trust, a little more faith. You better get in touch with Ned. Perhaps he put

off the wedding date, not because he was losing his love for you, but for some other reason."

But Ellen's mind was full of the story she had heard. "But do you still love her, Mr. Cummings?" she queried.

He smiled at her wide serious eyes, reached into his desk, and drew out a photograph. Ellen looked at it in silence. An imperious but lovely face looked out at her.

That evening Ellen pondered the matter long, but she had something else to think of. When she finally made up her mind that she simply could not write to Ted, her pride still strong, she turned to the other thing she had in mind. It fascinated her. Could she bring Mr. Cummings and his sweetheart of long ago together? On the back of the photograph she had noticed an address and a name—Ruth Densmore.

The next day she put the plan in operation, and the result was, on the following Monday, when her vacation began, she took the train to the northern village where Ruth Densmore lived.

When, later on, she stood before the stately home back among the elms, her courage almost failed her, and she felt she was on a fool's errand. When the door opened, and she faced a tall woman, with hair slightly silvered, but with dark eyes and lovely face, her courage revived.

In the comfortable living room Ellen told her errand, brokenly at times, but with a rush of words at other times. She watched the

older woman's face change from sadness to tenderness, then to great longing. In the end, she said with a voice that trembled slightly:

"I thought Will had forgotten me though I have never forgotten him. How foolish we were—how foolish we were! But this dear little scheme of yours—I don't know."

She mused.

"Is it pride still?" Ellen asked shyly.

The other started and smiled. "I'm afraid it is. Stay with me for dinner and we will talk it over."

On Monday morning, two weeks later, the clerks in the outer office looked up with interest at Ellen, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright with excitement, and they saw following her a woman whose youth had passed without taking some of youth's immortal charm.

Ellen stepped into the office. Mr. Cummings was there and—another—Ted!

Mr. Cummings chuckled as he saw her face. "Now, Ellen, forgive me for mixing in your affairs, but I made up my mind I would have a surprise for you when you returned. Ted and I have become good friends. The reason why he put off the wedding was because he was building a surprise home for you—and he couldn't quite make it go. I've given him some business—and the home will be ready! Now what do you say?"

Ellen sank back against the door, starting at Ted. His eyes were shining. She wanted to rush into his arms; she fought back her emotion, as she remembered—and turned.

"And I have a surprise for you, Mr. Cummings. I have some one here," she said breathlessly, and opened the door back of her.

She saw Mr. Cummings rise from his desk as he saw who entered. His lips moved but though no sound came the hunger and joy in his eyes made Ellen's heart sing. "Ruth—my dear!" were his broken words.

Then Ellen felt strong arms around her. She was hurried out, the door closed, and she looked up into Ted's eyes, and then his lips were on hers; and Ellen did not even think of the astounded clerks who were looking on—she had a few kisses herself to give back.

(Copyright)

BIRDS' THOUGHTS

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"We dress so much alike," said Mr. Vesper Sparrow, "and I think it is so nice that we do."

"We both like the same sort of a suit or costume. We both like brown and gray and white in our feathers, and we are both very fond of having our outer tail feathers of white."

"They can be seen when we fly and I think they look very smart and stylish."

"I think so, too," said Mrs. Vesper Sparrow. "You know we're sometimes called Grass Birds and Grassfinches, and we belong to the big Finch family."

"Those would all do as names for us," said Mr. Vesper Sparrow. "We do love the grass."

"We have our nests of them, which are always laid in the high meadow grass."

"We don't care about digging worms out of the ground, but we love the insects of the meadows."

"We are smaller than the well-known English sparrow, and our name is indeed well chosen, though then again it isn't."

"I mean the name we are almost always called—the Vesper Sparrow."

"Why is our name well chosen and then why isn't it?" asked Mrs. Vesper Sparrow.

The Smart Blouse Collection Includes a New Beaded Type

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



AN OUTSTANDING event in the autumn style program is the return of the richly furred all black suit made either of broadcloth, duvetyne or velvet. In the reappearance on the stage of fashion of these costumes of dignified mien, the knell of flapper styles is sounded. Henceforth and until further notice, according to the word of those who control the destiny of the modes, women are going to

dress in real lady fashion. Wherefore in coming to some conclusion in regard to a new fall suit, keep in mind the smartness of elegant black.

The picture, however, is not so black as one might suppose, for with a jacket or coat and skirt of black, the call for a strikingly colorful blouse is inevitable, which accounts for the gorgeous beaded blouse which animates the black duvetyne long-coat suit in the picture. This blouse should prove an inspiration to a seeker of the "new." It is entirely worked in exceedingly fine black, red and white beads, achieving irregular stripes.

Perhaps the blouse which occurs most frequently with the modish black suit is the one made of egg-shell satin. Styling interest focuses to a great extent to the hemline which shows oddly draped and shirred effects, also soft bow ties. The swathed hipline is also observed in many blouse modes.

With the black velvet jacket and skirt, smart afternoon vogue features a sleeveless blouse of supple metal cloth, either plain or brocade. This fashion is one of the most highlighted themes of the present season. Often color gleams through the gold or silver weave, as for instance in a blue and silver brocade or a green and gold plaided design.

While many of the metal blouses are sleeveless the majority of the satin crepe and printed velvet types have long, rather tightfitting sleeves. Clever side fastenings, gilets and labots detail most of the new models.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)



"Named the Vesper Sparrows."

sing they choose the morning for their big concert.

"Now, we like to sing in the early morning, too!"

"We always join in with the early morning singers."

"But we sing later in the afternoon than the others, except the rosebreasted grosbeak family, and they love to sing in the early evening as we do."

"I'd say," Mrs. Vesper Sparrow remarked, "that we were both—morning and evening singers."

"Just what we are," said Mr. Vesper Sparrow. "We're a little bit like the meadowlarks, too, though."

"How are we like them?" asked Mrs. Vesper Sparrow.

"Sometimes we sing when flying," Mr. Vesper Sparrow said. And they do that.

"Then, too, the meadowlarks are

very careful about hiding their nests and keeping their birdlings safe in the grassy nest, with grass covering over and around the nest.

"We fly away, and so do they, when we think danger is near—not because we want to desert our young—oh, never, never."

"Never, never," said Mrs. Vesper Sparrow.

"But simply to keep people from knowing where our nests are. There are some creatures," continued Mr. Vesper Sparrow, his little voice shaking as he thought of such creatures, "who will rob nests of eggs before the birdlings have come out."

"They think they are making collections! What do they want of eggs?"

"Do they want little shells which don't really mean anything to them but the expense of breaking the hearts of the mothers and the daddies?"

"Would such creatures like to have their brothers and their sisters stolen away from them—out of their cradles? I should say not!"

"Would they like to have collections made of their sisters and brothers? Not for a minute."

"There are enough things to collect. Stamps and pictures and stories and real pets to be cared for—but not the eggs and birdlings."

"But I have heard that people are getting over their cruel ways."

And Mrs. Vesper Sparrow felt very much better about it, very much better.

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Prints Renew Style Appeal in Their Chic Fall Colorings

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



IN ASSEMBLING her off-to-school wardrobe, do not lose sight of the fact that the college girl will need some light frocks for the opening week. Seasons are changing all over the country, and one may expect some "dog days" as late as the latter part of October.

Among materials which answer most pleasingly to the call of these warm autumn days, the new printed rayon crepes rank at the head of the list. We say "new" not so much as to these weaves themselves, for by this time every woman who knows fancies appreciates the delightful wearableness of rayon crepe, but it is the voguish colorings of these crepe prints which give them an advance style appeal.

The printed rayon crepe frock in the picture combines two of the very smartest new shades in its coloring—copper brown and charreuse. These happy colors are carried into the felt of the hat and the burnt-copper kid of the pumps.

Later on it will not be surprising if this fashionable young woman elects to add to her costume one of the very chic three-quarter length coats of transparent velvet in a radiant brown tone such as fashion commands.

Just how the coed in the picture is content to seek protection in a pair of creamy beige pull-on gloves (she has been wearing white ones with her sleeveless tub frocks this summer). Later on she is going to call for a pair of coconut brown gauntlets to wear with her lately acquired suit. Then, too, she is go-

ing to invest in a pair to match the color of a certain bright handbag.

Really, without gloves such as these and others, one's costume begins to look quite unfinished. Yes, gloves are emphatically "in" again. One can spend both an entertaining and a profitable afternoon browsing about in the glove section. After a tour of glove displays one is justified in concluding that gloves are not just hand coverings these days, they are "creations" in the true style sense.

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Facts About Foods

ACCORDING to the findings of Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton, head of the department of psychology, Temple university, Philadelphia, who recently concluded an investigation in which twenty feminine office workers were subjected to exhaustive tests of speed, endurance, mental alertness and muscular control, at various hours of the business day—his conclusion is that fatigue, diet, and working capacity of the modern business girl are closely related, and decrease in working capacity due to fatigue can be offset by the timely ingestion of highly concentrated, energizing foods.

Back of the investigation lies the growing belief on the part of employers that the unwise reducing diets resorted to by large numbers

of feminine workers are responsible not only for frequent absences due to illness, but for lessened and poorer quality of work while in the office.

The studies showed that working capacity is comparatively low at the beginning of the office day. The human machine, like the race horse, must go through a warming-up process. The greatest rush in the average office is from two-thirty to five, and the period of greatest rush and strain.

The serving of sweetened cold drinks, or a few pieces of candy taken when the energy seems to flag, will act as an emergency ration and supply the calories needed for the rest of the day's work.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Ask the Minister



By Charles Sughroe

Fletcher's CASTORIA
FOR QUICK, HARMLESS COMFORT
Children Cry for It
FOR CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, FEVERISHNESS

To Avoid Infection
Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited

BOILS ENDED IN 24 HOURS
No matter how large and stubborn, Carboll instantly stops pain, opens and heals worst boil or carbuncle often overnight. Get Carboll today from druggists and be free in 24 hours. Fourlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

New Accessory
The apparently respectable man was brought into a court for a petty theft. The judge interrogated him, and it appeared he had been caught running off with a sign from a construction job.
"What did the sign say?" the judge asked.
"No Help Wanted."

"Well, what in the world did you want with it?"
"You see, Judge," was the meek answer, "I was going to hang it in the back of my car, where my wife could see it."

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise Jan. 29 \$600 to \$1750
New SS. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc.
EUROPE CRUISE June 28
CUNARD LINE, 52 days, \$600 to \$1250
Madeira, Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Holland, Belgium, Paris, (London, Rhine, Oberammergau, Passion Play). Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included.
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Coal From Ice Fields
Every once in a while some scientist undertakes to figure out the amount of coal available, but it seems to be generally agreed among polar explorers that the world's greatest untouched coal fields lie in the Antarctic. There have been several reports of the presence of coal in the Antarctic regions and it is expected that they will be confirmed by Byrd.

First County Agent
J. L. Stallings, deceased, of Smith county, Texas, was the first county farm demonstration agent in America, appointed in 1906. The work he started is now being carried on by more than 2,400 county agents.—Farm and Fireside.

Big Business
Passer-by (suspiciously)—Why are you begging with two hats?
Beggar—Trade is so brisk that I've had to enlarge my premises.—Royal Arcanum.

Place, Not Time
"Where do you bathe?"
"In the Spring."
"I didn't say when; I said where."
—Stray Stories.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine.—Adv.

Uh?
"Women no longer wear elaborate hats."
"Well, who looks at hats?"

Every shadow in life is evidence of a sun somewhere.

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1835 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

Editorial

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.
—Holmes.

WHO INVENTED SCHOOL?

The children are back in school. After a most gorgeous vacation, they are at their desks and wondering who started it all, anyway.

Charlemagne, the great Emperor, can take a lot of the blame for starting school. Some people say he invented schools. Anyway, he desired the education of everyone, and inaugurated a great school system throughout his empire in 745.

Coming closer to home, the Rev. John Cotton started the first school in the United States at Boston in 1635.

With the Rev. John Eliot, Rev. Cotton started a campaign for more schools in the colonies. In 1642, the general court of Massachusetts completed their work by making a law sentencing all children to go to school whether they wanted to or not.

This speeded the development of the great present public school system. But children had one staunch friend in Governor Berkeley of Virginia, who fought the idea of school so effectively that Virginia had no free schools until after the Civil war. He believed that education bred disobedience and hersey. Today most of us have learned to think differently.

WILL IT WORK?

W. C. Durant offers another cotton picker, hoping that the cotton pickers in the south will be able to take it easy from now on. During the past few years many new "pickers" have been invented, but none are successful. Perhaps Mr. Durant's will work. Who knows?

But whether it does or not, eventually there will be a way of collecting the cotton crop without picking each boll separately by hand. The march of progress is steady, slow, sure. Once the wheat crop was harvested by sickles; now one machine cuts it, threshes it, delivers it in sacks, weighed.

At the very present time, natives in Java harvest hay crops with little sharp knives. Progress varies according to localities. The marvels invented for use in farm work are as nothing compared to the marvels that are to come in the future. In a century, perhaps, the wonderful machines we have now will seem antiquated, old-fashioned, clumsy and slow.

GHOST TOWNS

In many sections of our country today are to be found "ghost towns." A ghost town is a "deserted village"—a town that at one time was prosperous and flourishing, but today is uninhabited and its buildings and thoroughfares falling into decay—ghost towns—towns that failed to grow.

Perhaps the most outstanding examples of ghost towns are to be found in mining districts where the ore has run out, or in oil districts where the wells have been pumped dry, but there are also many others where lack of civic interest and co-operation has brought on community dry rot, and these once thriving communities have faded into oblivion with the passing years.

Another fifty years will bring to light many new ghost towns. Some communities seemingly prosperous today will then be dead communities—ghost towns—towns that failed to grow and develop.

Growth is a natural and healthy process. The best index to the prosperity of any community is its growth—a steady increase in the number of its inhabitants. A town or city that is not growing is lacking in one or more essential qualities. It is not a well-rounded community.

The rancher knows that he must enrich his soil and cultivate it to insure the proper growth of his crops. The manufacturer must provide the right equipment and labor conditions to promote the growth of his business, and the citizens of a community must provide the essential factors of community growth if that community is to thrive.

The growth of a community must be developed and watched. While a bigger Campbell is to be desired by its citizens, it is of equal importance that Campbell should also be a better community. It is this thought that is in the minds of the sponsors of the Community Development Campaign now being carried on in the Campbell Press.

Remember that the ghost towns of America are deserted villages because their citizens bled the community of the prosperity so abundantly provided and

put nothing back. Are you doing your share to safeguard the growth of Campbell? Are you doing your part to make Campbell a bigger and better community? Are you putting your share back into this community to help it grow and develop?

No individual should analyze a community proposition of importance from the angle of "to what extent will I personally be benefitted." Should every individual of Campbell assume such an attitude, it is needless to state our town and community would never be more than a wide place in the road—if it would be in existence at all.

It often has been stated a town or community that is good enough to live in is deserving and good enough to be boosted to the very utmost of our ability.

The community affords one not only the necessities of life, but pleasures and luxuries as well, to say nothing of fellowship, encouragement and co-operation of every kind that make for progress and success.

We all owe it to the growth and progress of our town to do our share in helping it to grow and prosper.

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"

Bad Habits—A King—Stimulation

Most people believe that to achieve success in life it is essential to have a good president in the White House, a good pastor, a progressive commercial club in his town, national prosperity, and neighbors devoted to God and country. The truth is, success depends entirely on the man who achieves it. He must have fewer bad habits than is the human average; with such an advantage, success is certain. Another feature of the argument is, a man with fewer bad habits than the average actually gets along more comfortably than his acquaintances whose average of bad habits is higher than the unwritten law.

My favorite recollection of literature is that story of some drunken courtiers returning from a carouse. Encountering a proletarian sleeping off a debauch, they escorted him to the palace and put him to bed. When he awakened he found himself arrayed in royal raiment, surrounded with luxury, and lackeys who hastened to do his bidding; he went to sleep a drunken vagrant and awakened a king—and he was the most impudent king in history; he grandly ordered this and demanded that, and it was none too good for him. If the courtiers engaged in the prank failed to bow sufficiently low, they were reprimanded; a servant who neglected gold plate in serving food, was whipped, although the vagrant had been accustomed to pewter. Soon the vagrant was beaten, his rags restored and turned into the street. Every man believes he is capable of being a king, and that he has been wronged, because he is not. And if suddenly promoted to so

high an estate, he would be as mean and incapable as the worst of them.

.....
A Methodist preacher of national distinction told me this story: When a boy his mother was always expecting to die of heart disease; whisky was kept in the house, to stimulate her heart when it threatened to stop beating. She died at 91 and her heart beat feebly three days after all her other organs were dead.

.....
The most universal human longing is for the possession of money. This is denied by a few, who say principle is their real goal, but the truth of the statement cannot be reasonably questioned (it is a human characteristic that certain facts we all know to be universal are almost universally denied). And the surest way to acquire money is the exercise of character, honesty, industry, politeness. Aristocracy of birth is not fair, and nature accepts nothing that is not fair. Besides, the best of us date back in lineage to a very bad mess. So every one has the same chance at aristocracy, and what we recognize as the greatest human achievement: the possession of money.

UNION DISTRICT

A very pleasant afternoon was spent by the "We and Our Neighbors" club Saturday when Mrs. Flora Riggs, Mrs. Irene Kopp and Mrs. Emma Main entertained at the club house.

Baskets of gorgeously colored asters, dainty michealmas daisies and ferns were arranged about the rooms, making a pretty picture.

Twenty-four guests were present. Mrs. William Holsclan of Gilroy gave a very interesting talk on highways and byways and their progress from the days of toll gates, mud and dust to the present smoothly paved highways.

After the regular club program the hostesses served delicious refreshments at a prettily arranged table in the assembly hall.

.....
Mrs. Leslie Woodard is seriously ill at her home, "The Pines," on San Jose-Los Gatos highway.

.....
Mr. and Mrs. Hummel are building a new home in Union and expect to live here permanently.

.....
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Main and Earl and Yvonne Matheson of San Jose spent the week-end at the Main cottage in Capitola.

.....
Mrs. Arch Calker spent Saturday at a family reunion at Saratoga.

.....
Mrs. Leslie Don spent the summer vacation with her mother, Mrs. Ann Jane Calker at Sacramento.

.....
Mr. and Mrs. Levi Farwell of National avenue have sold their home and bought in Los Gatos.

.....
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magneson have returned from a wonderful motor trip up and down the coast.

.....
Mrs. E. W. Ohlen entertained at bridge at her home Wednesday evening. Mrs. E. E. Lanphear had high score and Mrs. Ernest Snow held the low score. Light refreshments were served.

.....
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jensen were recent visitors at the Ernest Snow home.

CUTTING the WIRES at a Critical Moment

Messages interrupted... News delayed... Business transactions halted... this is what happens when a sudden storm interrupts the telegraph service.

There will be no "wires down" or "interruption" in the administration of your estate if you name American Trust Company as the executor and trustee of your will. By so doing you are assured of an executor and trustee of your own choice, and one who will be here to serve your family efficiently throughout the administration of your estate.

American Trust Company

Merger of Mercantile Trust Company of California and the American Bank Since 1854

Commercial . Savings . Trust . Investments
Foreign . Safe Deposit
Campbell Branch
Member Federal Reserve System
Head Office San Francisco

Tennis Rackets

Priced Right At From

\$4

To

\$10

Fresh Stock Tennis Balls

White, each40c
Red, each50c

Smith's

Stationery

School Supplies

Sporting Goods

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Miss Myra Lester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lester, and Merle Gardner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gardner, were married at Hollister last Monday. They are spending their honeymoon in Oregon.

George Ingram made a business trip to Monterey Monday.

Mrs. George Stockfleth and son are visiting for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. George Medlock have moved from their home on Campbell avenue to the Hester district in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Holmes have moved to Long Beach where they will spend the winter.

Frank Blaine spent the latter part of his vacation with relatives in Pacific Grove.

Eddie Thompson injured his hand in the tin machine at Gordon Ainsley's tin reclamation plant Saturday.

The Country Woman's club will meet Monday, Oct. 7, with an interesting subject to be considered: "Women in Science."

The Boy Scouts went into San Jose Monday evening for the first of the season's swims at the San Jose high school swimming pool.

The Missionary society of the Methodist church will meet with Mrs. M. J. Palmer Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Cora Williams has returned to her home after a few weeks visit with her son, Harvey Brackett, and family.

SOULS FOR SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

TENTH INSTALLMENT

Claymore, brooding deeply in his earnest soul, felt that he owed Mem some atonement. He meant it nobly, but it sounded crude when he checked the car in front of her little home and took her hand and said:

"If you will let me marry you, I'll see that my wife divorces me." These divorces of convenience marked the new fashioned way of accomplishing old-fashioned righteousness. He wanted to make her "an honest woman."

Mem laughed nervously. "No, thanks!" It was as uninspired as possible, but then it is not easy to make a brilliant answer to a stupid question. She felt that she must improve on it a bit, but she helped it little when she added: "Just as much obliged. Good night!"

Two days later she began work with Tom Holby's company. Holby described the part she was to play, read her the big scenes.

People make love unconsciously at times and in the truest courtships never a word is spoken. Two souls travel mystic gardens together and come to deep understandings without the exchange of a syllable thought.

Mem was so wooed by Holby.

The orders had gone forth to rush the Holby picture to a conclusion. Big night-storm scenes had been scheduled for the final takes, and on the final morning the first scenes were begun promptly at nine. Kendrick promised to let the company go at three to rest for the all-night grind, but it was not until half past seven that the day's work was done.

At nine they went to the first of the sets. The California night was black and cold. The night in the story was one of tempest and battle. Tom Holby must run an automobile into a ditch and make a desperate war against four brutes who were instructed to put up a good fight.

Each bit of scenery through

tance between the last scene and this, and she must enter it wet.

At length she got her signal and went forward again, head down, into the wild storm.

During her absence a telephone pole and a tree had been brought down by the storm and photographed as they fell. It was her business now to clamber across the pole and push through the branches of the tree, and so fight her way out of the picture. The wind machine had been shifted several times. The wind man in his confusion forgot to notice that the property men had forgotten, in their confusion, to set up the fence before the propeller. It was after midnight now and everybody was numb with cold, drenched with the promiscuous rain, and a little irresponsible. Their working day was already 15 hours old and it would last at least five hours more.

Tom Holby had been photographed in a climb up the wet sides of a ravine, and was half frozen in his soaked clothes, but he stayed to watch Mem through this scene.

She struggled with the maniac hurricane, stumbled and fell across the telephone pole, thrust aside the wires, lifted herself and breasted the wind again, drove into the wreck of the fallen tree. The branches whipped her wet flesh cruelly. The lightning just ahead of her blistered her vision like the white-hot irons driven into the eyes of Shakespeare's Prince Clarence. The wind blew her breath back into her lungs. If she had not gained a little support from one stout bough of the tree she could never have reached the margin of the picture.

Kendrick's heart was glad with triumph as he saw her pass out of the camera range. He called "Cut!" and the camera men were jubilant as each of them shouted "O.K. for me!"

Then Kendrick heard screams of terror, wild howls of fear. He ran forward and saw the blinded little figure of Mem still pressing on straight into the blur of the airplane propeller.

His heart sickened. She would

She had not yet realized her own escape. She was all pity for Tom Holby, and anxiety.

"It's nothing," he said. Then he staggered with dread of what Mem would have looked like now if he had waited an instant longer or missed his aim at her knees.

He drew her from the vortex of the propeller, which was subsiding with the dying snarl of a leopard that has missed its pounce.

The next day the company gathered to see the rushes of the night stuff.

Kendrick sighed. "That came near being a portrait of you walking out of this world."

Tom Holby did not speak but he reached out and, seizing Mem's hand, wrung it with an eloquence beyond words. He seemed to be squeezing her heart with clinging hands.

She was consumed with an impatience to begin a new picture at once, and to be very busy with life and love, beauty and delight.

And yet, when Tom Holby, after they had left the lot, asked her to ride with him for a bit of air, told her he adored her and that she was adorable; when he courted her with deference and meekness and pleaded for a little kindness—her heart froze in her. She could not even accept a proffered beatitude.

She looked at him and thought—and said:

"Too many people love you, Tommy. You belong to the public, and you couldn't bring yourself to really loving me."

"Oh, but I could! I do!" he cried. "Damn my public! I don't care for anything but you."

"But I haven't had my public yet, and I love it. Just now the only love I can feel is acted love."

"Then let's have a rehearsal," he suggested, cynically. But she shook her head. "I want to laugh, Tommy," she cried. "Amuse me, make me laugh!"

"There's the new Charlie Chaplin comedy," he said. "We might get in."

"Let's try," said Mem.

Holby swung his car around. "Tommy," said Mem, "what is comedy? I'm sick of all these crying scenes and emoting all over the place. I want to be a comedienne. Do you think I could be one?"

"I don't think so," said Holby, with scientific candor. "You never made me laugh. You don't laugh much."

"No, but I'm going to! I think if I ever love anybody really, it will be a great comedian. Do you know any comedians who aren't married, Tommy?"

"Lot's of 'em," said Holby. "A sense of humor keeps a man from getting married—or staying married long."

They took in a Chaplin show and on the way home she snuggled close to Holby in the car. Yet when he spoke tenderly she made fun of him, giggled, reminded him of bits of the picture that had amused her. This enraged him.

"I'm going in for comedy," she said. "It's the only thing worth while. All this tears and passion business makes me sick."

Holby fought out in his soul a decent battle of self sacrifice before he brought himself to the height of recommending a rival. "There's Ned Ling; he's looking for a pretty leading woman. He's not Cahlin, but he's awfully funny in his own way. If you're so hell bent on a comic career get your agent to go after him."

"Ned Ling," she mused. "Yes, I've seen him. I may make a try at him a little later."

But when she reached her home there was something waiting in ambush for her—a letter from her father.

(Continued Next Week)

CONCLUDING THE ACCOUNT OF DAN YEAGER'S TRIP

Last week we printed in detail the experiences of the Yeager party on their trip to the east, leaving them in Washington, D. C. Mr. Yeager, recounting the details of the trip, concludes:

The party, still conducted by Lloyd Free, returned to the House office building at Washington and was then taken through the tunnel to the capitol building

where we were showed through the most interesting parts of our national government headquarters.

Monday, Aug. 26, I visited the editorial rooms of the "National Rural Letter Carrier" in Washington, and at 10:30 was given permission to interview the chief clerk to the first assistant postmaster general, Mr. Wood by name, in the interest of California and her rural letter carrier body, at the national U. S. postal department.

We left Washington at 1 p. m. for Philadelphia and spent the next several days in Pennsylvania, visiting Hazleton, the birthplace of my mother and myself, and also visited relatives in Freeland and Pittston.

Leaving Pennsylvania Sunday, Sept. 1, for New York, we arrived in time to see the national convention of post office clerks in full sway and saw hoards of busses loaded with clerks out sightseeing. We had dinner at Drakes, being guests in Manhattan of a cousin.

We were then taken up in the Woolworth building, a most wonderful experience, the building being 57 stories above the ground and three stories deep, making 60 stories in all. We then visited the New York aquarium but were disappointed to find it not as fine as our own in Golden Gate park. We then took subway to Carnarsie in Brooklyn where we spent the night with an aunt. Carnarsie is about 10 miles from Coney Island, and is a suburb of Brooklyn.

Left New York Tuesday, arriving in Albany in the afternoon, from where we went to Saratoga Springs and met a dear friend of Mrs. Wright's, who took us to their ranch for the night. Wednesday morning we were taken to Lake George and Fort George, famous for French and Indian, and Revolutionary history. From there we returned to Saratoga Springs and journeyed to Utica, where we saw many of the American Legion, who were holding a convention there.

From Utica we went to Illion, N. Y., and visited friends.

We arrived in Buffalo Wednesday morning, took train for Niagara falls. We spent about an hour there and again boarded the train, arriving in Detroit in the early afternoon by way of Canada and the tunnel, and arrived in Chicago the same night.

We left Chicago immediately for Kansas City, arriving there early next morning. Saw a bit of Kansas City, leaving the same day for Denver. After a day in the mining city we left for Los Angeles, where we were again entertained by Carrier Newman of Rivera. We arrived home two days later, having been gone 29 days.

Mrs. E. C. Young entertained her bridge club at luncheon Wednesday, the afternoon being spent at cards.

The California cannery finished the run of fruit last night. Ainsley's plant has a few days to go and will then start on the fruit salad.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Del Monte Spinach, No. 2 1/2 can	15c
Star Olive Oil, pt. tin, Star Anchovies, 15c tin	55c
Lipton's Yellow Label Tea, 1/2 lb.	43c
Grape-Nuts, pkg.	16c
White King Bar Soap, 10 bars	38c
Tri-Tex, 2 bottles	25c
Warrenton Minced Clams, No. 2 1/2 can	16c
Hershey's Cocoa, 1/2 lb.	13c
Betty Brooms, enameled handle, each	69c
Bathroom Tissue, doz. rolls	57c
Wesson Oil, 1/2 gallon	90c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply
We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes
COVER CROP SEED
Melilotus Vetch Barley
GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37

Service and Dependability.

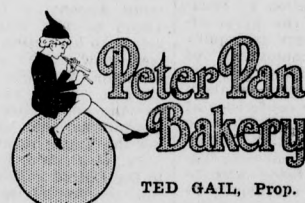
Right from the Oven

The best buns you ever tasted.

Serve them once and you will always serve them—fresh every day. Made of the purest ingredients by expert bakers.

Try a dozen today.

We are noted for the high quality of our cakes, pies and bread. Everything at economy prices.



TED GAIL, Prop.



His heart sickened. She would be sliced to shreds.

which she was to flash had been made ready the day before. Perforated rain pipes were reinforced by men who would play a fire hose or two upon the hapless actress. The gale was to be provided by an airplane propeller mounted on a truck.

Mem inspected the settings she was so briefly to adorn.

"Why do they build that fence around the wind machine?" she asked Kendrick.

"To keep people from walking into the propeller and getting chopped to mincemeat," said Kendrick. After an hour preparation the army was ready for the battle.

A gentle rain fell from the pipes. The fire hose, aimed up in the air, added its volume. The wind machine set up its mad clatter. The water and the lightning filled it with shattering fire.

Then Mem was called forth. She clutched her cloak about her and thrust into the tempest. It was like driving through a slightly rarefied cataract. She hardly reached the pillar at the edge of the porch clutched it for a moment, caught a quick breath, and flung down the steps. And that was that. All this preparation for one minute of action!

She was taken to a warm room and wrapped in blankets while the next scene was prepared. She was supposed to have run a long dis-

to be sliced to shreds. She could not hear the yelled warnings in the noise of the machine.

The operator shut off his engine, but the propellers still whirled at a speed that made them only a whorl of light. The witnesses were paralyzed by the horror of the moment.

Tom Holby broke from a nightmare that outran the immediate beauty of the girl walking forward to a hideous fate. He ran and dived for her like a football tackler, hooked his left arm about her knees and flung her backward, thrusting his right arm and his head beneath her, so that when she struck, her shoulders were upon his breast, her drenched hair fell across his face like seaweed.

She opened her eyes in a chaos of bewilderment. Just above her the flying propeller blades were glistening in the light of the sun arc.

They were still revolving when the wind machine man, leaping from the post where he had stood expecting his fate and his own eternal remorse, ran to lift her from the ground. Others helped up Tom Holby.

He had knocked himself unconscious when his head struck a rock in the road. His cheek was ripped and gushing blood.

He came to his senses at once and forced a ghastly laugh.

Mem screamed with fear for him.

Only the world's largest rubber company, by building millions more tires than any other manufacturer, can afford to produce tires of this first quality, to sell at our low prices!



Catalog House Prices!

on these new improved

GOODYEAR

PATHFINDER

Supertwist Cord Tires

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools

Campbell, Calif.



1—The \$17,000,000 cruiser Houston at anchor after its launching at Newport News, Va. 2—Picture, transmitted by wire, of wreckage of the T. A. T. air liner City of San Francisco, in the loss of which in New Mexico eight persons perished. 3—William E. Brock, sworn in as senator from Tennessee to fill out the term of the late Senator Lawrence D. Tyson.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Hoover and Senate Act in Case of Shearer, Propagandist.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

INTERFERENCE by individual citizens or corporations in the foreign relations of the United States is not to be tolerated by the President or the senate, and proceedings were started last week designed to put an end to that practice. The matter came to the fore when William B. Shearer, in a suit for remuneration, revealed that he had been employed by American shipbuilding concerns to attend the futile three-power naval limitations conference of 1927 and by propaganda to frustrate the plans for reducing naval armaments. President Hoover immediately issued a statement scathingly denouncing Shearer and his employers and ordered the Department of Justice to investigate the man's activities. The senate followed suit and adopted unanimously a resolution by Senator Borah directing the naval affairs committee to make an inquiry into the alleged employment of Shearer by shipbuilding corporations and the part played by them in the collapse of the conference at Geneva. Under the resolution the inquiry was limited to that, though Senator McKellar of Tennessee suggested it might be found wise to enlarge the scope of the inquiry to include all kinds of propaganda in the naval armament controversy. This course had been urged by various persons outside of the senate who, while not defending the alleged activities of Shearer, condemned the propaganda of pacifists and other "little navy" persons. Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the minority leader said: "No question is raised as to the right of any or all parties to carry on propaganda within the limits of lawful action, but this involves a question of interference in what is essentially the foreign relations of the United States. There is no purpose to confuse the transactions mentioned with the long continued controversy as to whether the United States should have a large or a small navy."

The Arkansas senator declared no senate investigation could end that controversy or stem the flow of propaganda on that and virtually every major piece of legislation brought before congress. It was expected, however, that the investigation would end interference by interested citizens or corporations in the country's foreign relations, he said.

The corporations named by Shearer in his suit for \$257,655 were the Bethlehem Shipbuilding corporation, the American Brown Boveri Electric corporation and the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock company. Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, in a letter to President Hoover, admitted Shearer had been employed by the shipbuilders to attend the conference as an observer, but said this was done without his knowledge, and that when the board of the Bethlehem corporation learned of Shearer's anti-disarmament propagandist activities his employment was terminated. The American Brown Boveri corporation issued a statement to the same effect.

MEANWHILE President Hoover and his chief advisers in international affairs were considering new proposals from the British government for establishing a tentative naval reduction agreement and preparing an answer thereto, which was cabled to Ambassador Dawes Thursday night. The British plan called for reduction of the British cruiser fleet to about 840,000 tons on condition that the United States would limit its 10,000 ton 8-inch gun treaty cruiser tonnage to eighteen ships, instead of the twenty-three now carried on the American building program.

Under this arrangement Britain would have fifteen 8-inch gun cruisers and the United States eighteen. Great Britain proposed that this disparity in big gun cruisers would be made up by allowing the British government to retain four older 744-ton gun cruisers and maintain an advantage in cruiser tonnage amounting approximately to 40,000

tons of small 6-inch gun so-called police cruisers.

In London it was announced that Prime Minister MacDonald had decided to sail for the United States on September 28 to confer with President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson.

PREMIER BRIAND'S proposals for a federation of European powers was enthusiastically received by the delegates of 28 nations to whom he explained his scheme, and they decided to try to bring the idea into force. Almost the only objection raised was that the plan might result in a loss of sovereignty of the individual states; and some of the statesmen emphasized that the union should be mainly economic. The French premier was asked to draw up a memorandum on his scheme to be studied by the European governments, and after they have replied a conference of all European nations will be called to consider the plan.

HAVING elected Peru, Yugoslavia and Poland to seats in the council, the assembly of the League of Nations considered and debated a number of important matters. These included a proposal by Louis Loucheur of France for the rationing of coal and sugar among the nations; an appeal by Count Apponyi, of Hungary, for revision of the Trianon treaty to return to his nation some of its citizens now placed as minorities in Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia; and a plan to place under the supervision of the league the international bank created under the Young reparations plan.

Dr. C. C. Wu, Chinese minister to the United States, proposed that the league advise its members to reconsider the extraterritorial treaties which, he said, shackle the Chinese republic and rob it of its sovereignty. The agenda committee voted against Wu's plea for adoption of a resolution for revision of treaties that have become inapplicable, on the ground that it opened up a question of too vast an importance, and the Chinese delegation threatened to withdraw from the assembly.

THOUGH war between Russia and China has not been declared, and may not be, nevertheless an actual state of war exists on the Manchurian frontier, and many deaths already have resulted. The Russians have been attacking with artillery and bombing planes and the Chinese have retaliated sharply. There was desperate fighting for several days for possession of the city of Pogranichnaya on the eastern border, and at first it was claimed the Chinese had won there, but later advisers said they had been driven back 40 miles to Mulin, and that Pogranichnaya had been reduced to ashes. Soviet gunboats made determined efforts to force their way up the Sungari river, but it had been mined by the Chinese. Each side blames the other for the aggressive actions, and actual conditions are rather clouded. Negotiations for peaceful settlement were still going on in Berlin.

WHEN the great tariff fight really got under way in the senate, the regular Republicans in that august body met defeat in the first test vote. Senator Simmons' resolution directing the finance committee to obtain from the Treasury department information contained in the income tax returns of tariff beneficiaries was adopted by a vote of 51 to 27. The thirty Democrats all voted for the measure and were aided by 21 Republicans, including all the so-called radicals and several others. The information sought is to include profits or losses, gross sales, inventories, merchandise bought and costs of manufacture; including materials, wages and salaries. Senator Reed Smoot and others argued in vain that the resolution was offered with a view to delaying action on the tariff bill.

Senator Norris introduced a resolution calling for immediate consideration of the case of Senator-elect Vane of Pennsylvania, and this, too, was said to be intended to delay the tariff measure, but on motion of Senator Watson the Vane matter was put over until the regular session in December. So the tariff battle continued. It was not considered likely that the condition of the country and radicals could be amended by such a measure as in the case of Vane, or that the

united often except perhaps in voting on the administrative provisions of the bill.

EXHAUSTIVE inquiry into the disparity between prevailing wheat prices in the United States and Canada and also into the alleged congestion of wheat storage facilities by speculators who seek to depress prices for the incoming crop was announced by the federal farm board. It is being conducted by experts of the bureau of agricultural economics of the Department of Agriculture at the request of the board, which hopes to obtain facts upon which to base future policies as well as to relieve the immediate emergency.

ONE of the most peculiar swindles of recent times was perpetrated on New York banks by Charles D. Waggoner, president of a bank in Telluride, Colo. Through code telegrams ostensibly signed by Denver banks, he obtained from the New York institutions certified checks for half a million dollars, most of which he had placed to the credit of his bank. It was a kind of a Robin Hood stunt, for he says it was done to make it possible for the people of Telluride to recover the losses they have met through the manipulations of New York financiers. The latter, he asserts, bought three of the largest mines in the Telluride district and closed them to prevent competition, throwing most of the town's inhabitants out of employment and wrecking his bank deposits. Waggoner was arrested in Wyoming and said he expected to spend a long time in prison, but was contented with the success of his ingenious scheme.

REV. O. J. KVALE, Farmer-Labor congressman from Minnesota, who succeeded Andrew J. Volstead, was burned to death when his summer cottage near Battle Lake, Minn., was destroyed by flames. Mr. Kvale, an ordained Lutheran clergyman, was the only Farmer-Laborite in the house, to which he was elected in 1922.

Arthur Bullard, former Washington correspondent, for a time chief of the Far Eastern division of the State department and associated in various capacities with the League of Nations, passed away in Geneva after a short illness. He was one of the best informed Americans on questions connected with the league.

Louis Marshall of New York, noted lawyer and Jewish leader and philanthropist, died in Zurich, Switzerland, following an operation. He had been taking an active and prominent part in the Zionist movement.

FLIGHT LIEUT. H. R. D. WAGHORN won the Schneider cup for the British when he drove the supermarine Rolls Royce plane around the Isle of Wight course at an average rate of 328.93 miles an hour, breaking all records for speed. His record, however, was smashed a few days later when A. H. Oriebar, in the same plane, flew four times over a straight three kilometer course at a speed of 355.8 miles an hour. One lap was made at the truly terrific rate of 368.8 miles.

CLAUDIOUS H. HUSTON of Tennessee, skillful politician and old-time friend of President Hoover, was unanimously elected chairman of the Republican national committee to succeed Dr. Hubert Work at a meeting in Washington. His selection was looked on by many as the opening move for the re-nomination and re-election of Mr. Hoover in 1932. It was also assumed that his particular task will be to hold for his party the Southern states Hoover won last year and, if possible, to add to them the rest of the South.

OF SPECIAL interest to the central South was the offer of President Hoover to hold up work on the Mississippi flood control project on the floodways extending from the Arkansas river to the Gulf of Mexico if the southern congressmen interested requested it. Senator Robinson of Arkansas and Senator Ransdell and Representative Wilson of Louisiana concurred in this plan. This will permit the administration to consider the controversies involving payments for floodage rights and other features of the project. Property owners have protested against the ruling under which they can obtain no compensation for floodage rights unless actual damages are caused. (© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

POULTRY

CARE OF PULLETS DECIDES PROFITS

Mash, Grain and Clean Water Should Be Available.

The care of pullets makes a big difference in next year's profits or losses, says L. M. Hurd of the New York State College of Agriculture. After the pullets are twelve weeks of age both mash and grain should be constantly available in separate outdoor hoppers. Fresh clean water should be frequently provided if there is not a natural supply in the field. Unlimited grass, clover, or alfalfa range and shade, are essential to best growth.

The ability to lay is inherited, and thus depends more on breeding than on feeding; but pullets should be well developed in body before they start to lay. If the pullets seem to mature too rapidly, do not feed them wholly on grain to slow up their inclination to lay; anything that checks laying is also apt to stunt permanently the growth of the birds. Feed a mash along with scratch grain, as it is more complete in protein minerals and vitamins.

For proper fleshing at maturity it is sometimes advisable temporarily to reduce the amount of animal protein—meat scraps, milk, etc. in the mash, or to limit the amount of mash fed. The former plan is better, as it allows the birds a better chance to obtain more of the minerals and vitamins, which they need. To feed large amounts of scratch grain and mash low in protein for about a month before the pullets normally mature, tends to make them complete their development in better flesh. Experiments at the Cornell university experiment station show that pullets need a substantial reserve of fat when they begin to lay, for satisfactory production later.

Production of Quality Eggs During Summer

Summer is usually hard on the production of good quality eggs. However, there is no reason why good quality eggs cannot be produced and marketed in summer. Commercial poultrymen can do it; owners of farm flocks can, too, if attention is given to a few important points.

All male birds removed from the pens so the eggs that are laid are infertile is the first thing, since infertile eggs will not spoil so quickly as fertile eggs. Clean eggs is the next. It is always a temptation to wash eggs that are dirty so a good appearance will be given. Such eggs, however, are apt to age more rapidly than unwashed eggs, since there is a more rapid evaporation of the contents of the egg and the air cell becomes enlarged, giving the egg the appearance when candled of an old egg. Production of clean eggs in the first place will help greatly—have plenty of clean nesting material in the nests.

POULTRY NOTES

Gather the eggs twice a day.

Crowding at the feed hopper stunts the growth of chicks.

Watch for lice and mites. They multiply faster in hot weather.

Chicks need fresh air as well as heat. Leave windows open at the top.

Green feed in the poultry yard makes greenbacks in the pocket-book.

Keep poultry supplied with fresh, clean water during hot months.

Of the total cost of producing poultry and eggs on most farms, 50 to 60 per cent is feed cost.

Fresh eggs contain more water than stale eggs. For this reason fresh eggs sink in water when immersed, while stale eggs float.

The requirements of incubation for turkey eggs are the same as for the incubation of chicken eggs.

Bare spots around the henhouse are incubators to breed parasites and disease. It pays to cultivate them up and sow to something green.

Lice and mites breed fast these hot days. And if you don't swat 'em and keep 'em swatted, they'll sap a lot of the growth and profit out of your flock.

A brooder house on clean ground is a profitable investment providing strong, healthy chicks are put into it. Otherwise it is as unprofitable as money in a "closed" bank.

Hens need water. It is an essential part of the ration, poultry specialists of the Pennsylvania State college say. A shortage of water causes a decrease in the number and size of eggs.

Use plenty of feed troughs. Start the chicks by nailing a two-inch strip around a nine-inch, planed board and provide such a trough three feet long for every 100 chicks. More troughs are needed as chickens grow.

Do you remember that big capon you would like to have had last Christmas? It is time to caponize a few of the early hatched cockerels. The proper size for caponizing is at one and one-quarter pounds.

Newest Dress Fabrics

Composition of Metal

Flexible fabrics containing layers of metallic foil have been perfected by German manufacturers, and women soon may go to dances and the opera in stunning evening gowns of metal, while their escorts will be clad in a modern adaptation of the suits of armor worn by knights of old, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The new "cloth" is made of thin sheets of aluminum, resembling tin foil or gold foil, and coated on both sides with protective material not unlike the plastic substances used in manufacturing rayon. This fabric is said to be almost as light as silk, tough as leather, waterproof as leather and bright and heat-reflecting as aluminum. Of this material raincoats, umbrellas, and even dresses and business suits may be made. Not only striking frocks for women, but also beautiful effects in household decorations will be obtainable in the new fabrics, according to the makers.

Corn Flakes Employed

for "Movie" Snowstorm

There is still hope for the salvation of the great American corn raiser. Corn has gone into the movies in a business-like way. Heretofore the slapstick comedies may have used a few roasting-ears, with sound effects, but now corn is going into Hollywood in a determined manner and mingling with the great and near great in its most commonplace form—hominy. "The film experts," says Farm and Fireside, "have discovered that there is nothing quite so good as corn flakes for faking a real, old fashioned blizzard. The corn flakes are specially made from hominy and are thin, white and airy. A bushel of corn flakes and an electric fan will make a snowstorm anywhere, even in California."

Devotion and Recreation

Members of the baseball team in Roanoke, Mo., go to Sunday school in the morning and to the baseball diamond in the afternoon. Responsibility for dividing the Sabbath day between the church and baseball is due to Eddie Lockridge, pitcher and star. He is active in church work and while not believing it is wrong to play ball on Sunday, has contended too much time is given over to the sport that day. In placing his position before his teammates Lockridge compromised with the understanding the team would go to Sunday school in the forenoon and play ball in the afternoon.—Indianapolis News.

Perfection in Samplers

The old-fashioned sampler consisted of a square of perforated canvas, the rows of perforations being equally spaced. Designs were stamped on the canvas and filled in with different colored worsteds, the stitches forming little "x's." On the finest canvas this would almost give the effect of a painting.

Negroes in British Empire

There are some negroes in England, but the number there is extremely small. The British empire has within its boundaries lands whose populations consist largely of negroes, as, for instance, Jamaica and Central and South Africa. The natives of such countries are British.

If You Are a Smoker

After a hard day when smoking seems to have lost its kick, cover the toothbrush with 20 Mule Team Borax, then brush teeth and gums thoroughly. Refreshing?—The next smoke tastes like "the first." Try it.—Adv.

Followed Suit

"What did you say when you proposed to Muriel?" "I told her the truth. I said: 'I am nothing, I have nothing, and I can do nothing.'" "What did she do?" "She did nothing."

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

She Understood

Prof. Einstein (ambling in at 4 a. m.)—"Y'see, m'dear, it was like this: let x plus y equal th' square root of z divided by a square over sqmzyz—Mrs. E. (haughtily)—Oh, don't try to explain!

Getting a Husband

"What a girl needs in life is some good right arm to protect here." "And if she doesn't happen to land a good right arm, a southpaw will do."

Latest Model

Friend—Your wife is a picture! Newlywed—You said it! The talking kind.

Somebody has to be at home to entertain those who are always going on a visit.

The Right Way to Redye Fine Silks

Textile makers always use a special dye for silk or wool. They know that is the best way. The makers of Diamond Dyes are the first to enable home dyers to follow this plan.

Next time you want to dye some of your more valuable articles of silk or wool, try the special Diamond Dyes in the Blue Package. They will give these materials clearer, more brilliant colors than any "all-purpose" dye. And they are just as easy to use as ordinary dyes. Like the white package Diamond Dyes, these dyes contain an abundance of the highest quality anilines. The blue package dyes silk or wool only; the white package dyes, or tints, any material. Either package; 15c, drugstore.

CHAMPION

holds World's Records in every field



Start at Home

"I'm taking reducing exercises, Robert," said Mrs. Winkley. "I wish you could induce the household expenses to join you," responded her harassed husband.—Montreal Star.

The Pessimist

"I've got half a mind to get married."

"Well, that's all you need."

More than 19,856,000 packages of rouge, 2,000,000 lipsticks and 25,637,000 bottles of skin ointment are purchased by American women each year.

Democracy encourages everybody to express his opinion, regardless; but worthwhile ones are still rare.

over 25,000,000 Sold

All wearers can't be wrong

LEVI STRAUSS

Overalls

the Leading Brand for over 56 years

Every pair sold with This guarantee

NEW FREE IF THEY AINW FREE RIP



Ask for Levi's Reliable Merchandise since 1853

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 39-1929.

New life for old leather



Clean, smooth color restored. Scuffs concealed instantly. The lustre of leather revived. 50 wonderful shins—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE SHOE POLISH

Growth

THE whole universe is in a state of constant change. Everything about us, yes even ourselves and our community are undergoing a continuous change.

Most marked of all these changes is that of GROWTH.

Appreciation of growth can be understood by considering the development of our own town with that of other towns. A study of this development brings home to us, among other vital facts, this truth—the measure of Community success is dependent upon growth.

In other words, no community stands still—there are but two alternatives, the community grows and succeeds—or it goes backward and perishes.

Population alone does not determine the prosperity of our community any more than the weight of the individual determines health or personality.

Eminent physicians in referring to the physical condition of individuals tell us: "Your belt line is your life line—watch your belt line." By the same token experienced authorities on community development have cast into the discard the slogan "Watch Us Grow" for the more scientific phrase "Watch Your Growth."

Successful community growth demands the rate of increase in population be in proper relation to the size of the community. A normal growth, which allows this added population to become assimilated, welded, fused into the community life means that the community is in a sound condition.

*A Message —
Increase in the number
of its inhabitants is
the best index to the
prosperity and
welfare of any body
of people*

*Adam Smith
Founder of Modern
Social Science*

The Larger the Town the Easier to Grow

Normal population
increase over ten year
periods.

TOWNS	
Under 2,500	3.0%
2,500-5,000	21.6%
5,000-10,000	23.4%
10,000-25,000	23.6%
25,000-100,000	33.0%
Over 100,000	34.0%

Let us not aspire to become just a bigger community, but to become a Bigger and Better Community. A town cannot be bigger until it is better, and it cannot be better until it is bigger. Let us remember that it is natural and normal for a community to grow—unless it does there is something wrong—something lacking.

What is the normal growth of a community?

The answer to this question must be sought in the records of the development of all communities in our nation. Nor can it be answered by a simple statement, because community growth is complex and varies with geographical location, resources, leadership and present size. However, the average growth is now 15% every ten years.

Let us all create a spirit and enterprise in our community that will bear fruit in the creation of a Bigger and Better town to live in.

This page is donated to fellow citizens by the undersigned who are all interested in the development of a bigger and better community. The Bigger the community the Better service we can render to our friends and neighbors of

CAMPBELL

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are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

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by chair-
in charge.
initial sum of
for the build-
d Grange.

all Star



Am A. Glasgow, football star
University of Iowa, who will
Hawkeyes. He earns his
high school by managing a
all in Iowa City.

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Physician
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Office and Home: 2447
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DR. F. J. JONES
Physician
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Physician
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
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DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL
Attorneys and Counselors
First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose California

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sejourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary
ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secy.

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A thorough and complete course is offered pupils in the art of piano playing. Pupils may enter at any time. Supervised practice may be arranged for.
Studio, 41 South 12th St. San Jose
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FOR RENT
\$25, 3 rms & bath, fireplace, furn.
\$20, 3 rms & bath, fireplace, unfurn.
\$20, 3 rms, furn including light
\$18 Living rm, bedrm kitchen, furn.
Phone Campbell 137-J

WANTED—To hear from Carpenter who will give half cash and half work for winter rent. Write P. O. Box 113.

LEGAL NOTICES
NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That default having been made in the payment of installment of interest on the promissory note secured by that certain Deed of Trust executed by JOE HANSEN and EVALYN HANSEN, husband and wife, to SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., a Corporation, as Trustee, and S. N. HEDEGARD and ANNIE M. HEDEGARD, husband and wife, as Beneficiaries, dated August 18th, 1928, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on the 22nd day of August, 1928, in Volume 423 of Official Records, at Page 31 and following; which said note and deed of trust were, by instrument dated the 25th day of August, 1928, and recorded on the 25th day of May, 1929, in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County, California, in Volume 463 of Official Records, at Page 291 et seq., assigned by said S. N. Hedegard and Annie M. Hedegard, husband and wife, to L. D. Bohnett, who is now the owner and holder thereof.
And default having been made in the payment of interest due November 18th, 1928, upon said note and said default having continued for more than one month, the owner and holder of said deed of trust having executed to declare the same and interest on the same immediately due.

And default having been made in the payment of interest due November 18th, 1928, upon said note and said default having continued for more than one month, the owner and holder of said deed of trust having executed to declare the same and interest on the same immediately due.

highest bidder, for cash, the States Gold Coin, the land premises situated in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point which is on a line 2 feet Easterly measured at right angles from the Easterly line of the Santa Clara and Los Gatos Road, 50 feet wide, being distant along said line parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road, North 240 feet from the Southerly line of Lot 1 as shown upon the Map of P. G. Keith's Subdivision in the Northwest 1/4 of the Southwest 1/4 of Section 26, T. 7 S. R. 1 W. M. D. M. which said Map is of record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, in Book "D" of Maps, Page 169, records of said County, and running thence from said point of beginning and parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road and distant 2 feet therefrom, North 60 feet; thence S. 89 degrees 26 minutes E. and parallel with the Southerly line of said Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches; thence South and parallel with the Easterly line of said Road, 60 feet; thence N. 89 degrees 26 minutes W. and parallel with said Southerly line of Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches to the point of beginning, and being a part of said Lot 1 of P. G. Keith's Subdivision as hereinabove referred to.
DATED: September 10th, 1929
SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., (CORPORATE SEAL) By L. P. EDWARDS, President
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell Attys., San Jose, Calif. (2-3-4-5-6)

TAXES — 1929
Office of the TAX COLLECTOR, county of Santa Clara, State of California. San Jose, California, October 1, 1929.

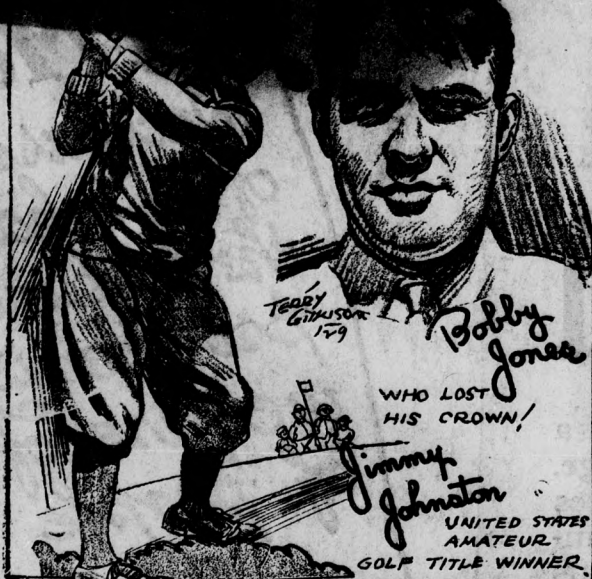
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the taxes for the fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1929, and ending June 30, 1930, will become due and payable:

First Installment. The tax on all personal property, a lien on or secured by land, and one half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable Monday, October 21, 1929, and delinquent Monday, December 2, 1929 at 5 o'clock P. M. when 10 per cent will be added to all of said first installment remaining unpaid.

Second Installment. The remaining one-half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable January 13, 1930, and delinquent April 28, 1930, at 5 o'clock P. M. when 5 per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Taxpayers may, if they desire to do so, pay the whole tax in one payment.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will be in Campbell at the American Trust Company Bank on Monday, November 4, 1929, during banking hours, and at the Tax Collector's office in the Hall of Justice building, corner of St. James and Market streets, San Jose, California.



Harrison R. "Jimmy" Johnston of St. Paul, Minn., has taken Bobby Jones' place as king-pin of United States amateur golfers, the Minnesota player defeating Dr. Oscar F. Willing, Portland, Ore., dentist in the final round of the championship tournament at Pebble Beach, 4 and 3. Remarkable in the final match was that neither of the contestants could claim the distinction of having beaten the dethroned champion, Jones. In the first round the Atlantan met his defeat at the hands of Johnny Goodman, youngster from Omaha, who went out in the very next round.

S. N. Hedegard, who has been spending several days at Newman looking after his rice, was here Tuesday to preside over the Grange meeting. He returned to Newman but will be back for the harvest feast of the Grange.

Mermaid



Miss Josephine McKim, who was crowned as the greatest mermaid of America at the recent swimming meet held in Hawaii. The friendship garlands of the islands, or leis, are shown around her neck.

nia, daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. to and including Monday, April 28, 1930.

The second installment is payable in the Tax Collector's office, San Jose.

THOMAS BODLEY,
Tax Collector of Santa Clara Cty.
(5 6 7 8 9 10)



JUST as the "80-mile" car insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

Although rubber cost, has advanced, tire prices are still based on the former low cost. The top quality tire is still within the reach of all.

Haliwell & Jones
"Opposite Schools"
CAMPBELL, CALIF.

GENERAL
Dual-Balloon 8

Let us tell you how to get the DUAL-Balloon "8" on your New Car

Arts And Crafts In Connection With Adult Education

A class in art-crafts is being organized at the Campbell union high school in connection with the adult education program.

This class will meet in the art department at the high school annex Monday and Thursday afternoons from 3 to 5, beginning Monday, Oct. 6.

Mrs. Clark, who is substituting in the art department of the high school, will be in charge.

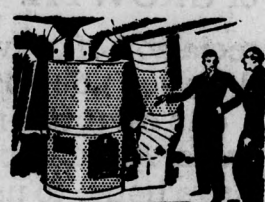
Murton Case, Grandson of C. E. Case, Wednesday sailed aboard one of Uncle Sam's warships for a cruise in the Orient.

RECEPTION FOR NEW MINISTER

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist church will hold a reception Thursday evening, Oct. 3, at 7:30, in honor of the new pastor, Rev. Buell and his wife. The reception will be held in the church parlors and all members and friends of the church are cordially invited. A program will be furnished by the Young Women's service club and light refreshments will be served after the entertainment.

LOST—A bunch of keys strung upon a key ring with a chain attached. These were lost Friday the 27th, between 4th street and Central avenue. A reward for keys returned to this office.

Enjoy automatic gas-fired heating



"So that's why the air is so warm and fresh!"

Have care-free, comfortable warmth by installing an automatic gas-fired heating system. It costs less. Works like any good system, except it burns gas fuel. Lasts for long years with little servicing. Modern ventilated firebox passes all products of combustion outdoors. Into your rooms flows heat as clean as the warmth from the sun.

There are many types of good

gas-fired heating equipment. How can you know which to choose?

The experience of P G and E engineers and their knowledge of all types of gas-fired heating systems qualifies them to judge which is the most adaptable for each home. Their knowledge is for your benefit. For details, phone or call our office. Automatic heating installed for 10% down and terms.

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"We'll have to leave Ruth out"

The crowd are going on a picnic
"Ring up Alice!" "Let's call old Fred!"
"But what about Ruth?"
"Oh, we'll have to leave Ruth out," says someone, "she hasn't a telephone."
Is there a Ruth in your home, too, who must miss all the fun—when a telephone would mean so much?

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

and His Gang

By Terry Gilkison

